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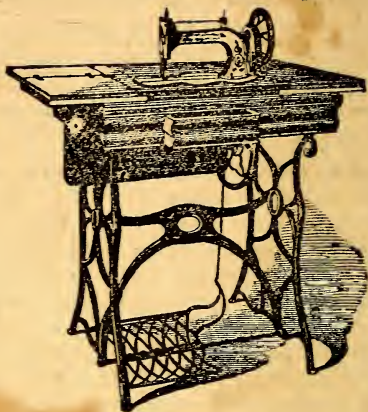
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SINGER SEWING MACHINE



OFFICIAL RETURNS !

The magnitude to which the manufacture of Sewing Machines has attained, is shown by the sworn returns of the manufacturers for the year ending December 31, 1870, to the owners of the leading patents on which they pay a royalty. According to these returns the number of machines sold by each manufacturer in 1870, is as follows :

The Singer Manufacturing Co.,	127,883
The Wheeler & Wilson and Elliptic Companies combined,	83,208
The two Howe Cos, (A., B. and Elias),	75,156
The Grover & Baker Company,	57,402
The Weed Company,	35,002
The American Button Hole Co.	14,573

It will be seen by this table that the popularity of the

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Compiled and Published for the East Pennsylvania
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BY

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READ! THINK! ACT!

Workers for Jesus! There is much to be done. Much depends upon YOU. Would you be successful? then keep in mind the following

SUGGESTIONS.

1. Be free from secular affairs. Avoid jesting and evil speaking. **SHUN CONTROVERSY.**

2. Consecrate your all to the great work of saving souls.

3. Read the **WORD**. Commune much alone with the **MASTER**. Wait for the "baptism of fire." Peniel: Gen. 32:30. Be untiring in your efforts to bring souls to Jesus.

4. Observe **STRICTLY** all the rules of the meeting. Hear the **WORD**. Attend the Prayer Meeting. Join the Experience Meeting. Abhor **TENT LOUNGING**.

5. Constantly keep in view the glory of God. "Put on the whole armour." **Work—watch—wait—pray—hope—Trust in God for VICTORY.** May the slain of the **LORD** be many.

CHORAL SONGSTER.

Inviting.

Come to Jesus.

- 1 Come to Jesus, just now.
- 2 He will save you, just now.
- 3 He is able, just now.
- 4 He is willing, just now.
- 5 O, believe him, just now.
- 6 Flee to Jesus, just now.
- 7 He'll receive you, just now.
- 8 *Hallelujah, Amen.*
- 9 Call unto him, just now.
- 10 He will hear you, just now.
- 11 He'll have mercy, just now.
- 12 He'll forgive you, just now.
- 13 *Hallelujah, Amen.*
- 14 He will cleanse you, just now.
- 15 He'll renew you, just now.
- 16 Jesus loves you, just now.
- 17 *Hallelujah, Amen.*

2

Jesus is Here.

1 O, come to Jesus now,
Jesus is here, Jesus is here;
All low before him bow,
Jesus is here, Jesus is here.
Too many go away,
Too many still delay,
Though Jesus bids them stay;
Jesus is here, Jesus is here.

2 O, come this place within. Jesus &c.
He sees you full of sin. Jesus &c.
He knows you when you come,
Poor, wretched and undone,
Seeking him—and him alone;
Jesus is here, &c.

3 Come, then, to Jesus, now. Jesus, &c.
All near him lowly bow. Jesus, &c.
O, ye that feel your sin,
And coming long have been,
Now find your rest in him;
Jesus is here, &c.

4 O, come to Jesus now. Jesus, &c.
Old and young together bow. Jesus, &c.
O, what a glorious thing,
Sin's weary load to bring,
And lose it while we sing;
Jesus is here, &c.

3 **Come to the Waters.**

Ho! every one that thirsts,
Come ye to the waters;
Freely drink and quench your thirst,
Zion's sons and daughters.

HYMN.—Come sinners to the gospel feast,
O, halle., hallelujah.
Let every soul be Jesus' guest,
O, halle., hallelujah.

4 **O, Come to the Saviour.**

O, come to the Saviour now,
O, come to the Saviour now;
For you he shed his precious blood,
Come to the Saviour now.

HYMN.—Same as above.

5 **O, Turn.**

O, turn, sinners, turn,
May the Lord help you turn;
O, turn, sinners, turn, why will you die.

HYMN.—Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, &c.

6 **Come Along.**

O, come along, come along,
Jesus is the way. *Repeat.*

HYMN.—I long to see the season come, &c.

7 Seeking Salvation.

1 Drooping souls no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious ;
If in Jesus you believe,
You will find him precious.
Lo ! he now is passing by,
Calls the mourner to him ;
He has died that you and I
Might look up and view him.

2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Flows a healing lotion ;
See the heart-consoling tide,
Boundless as the ocean.
See the living waters move,
For the sick and dying ;
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.

3 Grace's store is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden ;
Jesus calls, "come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden ;"
Though your sins like mountains high
Rise and reach to heaven ;
When your heart on him relies,
"All shall be forgiven."

4 Now methinks I hear one say,
"I will go and prove him ;"
If he takes my sins away,
Surely I shall love him ;

Yes, I see the Father smile—

Smiling moves my burden ;
All is grace, for I am vile,
Yet he seals my pardon.

5 Streaming mercy, how it flows,
Now I know I feel it ;

Half has never yet been told,
Yet I want to tell it.

Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,
Oh ! the wondrous story ;

I was lost, but now am found,
Glory ! Glory ! Glory !

6 Glory to my Saviour's name,

Saints are bound to love him ;
Mourners, you may do the same,

Only come and prove him ;
Hasten to the Saviour's blood,
Feel it and declare it ;

Oh ! that I could sing so loud
All the world might hear it.

7 If no greater joys are known

In the upper region ;

I will try to travel on

In this pure religion.

Heaven's here and heaven's there,

Glory's here and yonder ;

Brightest seraphs shout amen,

While the angels wonder.

8

Mighty to Save.

1 There's a light in the valley,
 Once shrouded in darkness,
 Hope sheds her bright rays o'er the glooms
 of the grave;
 A Saviour ascending,
 Fills earth with his brightness,
 'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, the mighty to save,
 CHO.—Mighty to save, mighty to save,
 'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, the mighty
 to save.

2 O'er the dark realms of death
 Shines a halo of glory,
 'The tyrant no longer can make you his
 slave;
 His dark reign is ended,
 His sceptre is broken,
 Thro' Jesus, thro' Jesus, the mighty to
 save. CHO.

3 Shout aloud ye redeemed ones,
 Repeat the glad story,
 And sing all ye ransomed from death and
 the grave;
 In triumph ascend to the
 Mansions of glory,
 Thro' Jesus, thro' Jesus, the mighty to
 save. CHO.

4 There, O, there on the banks of the
 Beautiful river,
 The banner of love shall unceasingly wave;
 While angels shall join in the
 Chorus forever,
 " 'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, the mighty to save."

CHO.

9 Precious Jesus.

1 Precious Jesus, I am coming,
 Coming to the cross to-day;
 I am trusting, I'm believing,
 Take, O take my sins away.

CHO.—Precious Jesus, come and make me
 whole;

Holy spirit, sanctify my soul.

2 Precious Jesus, I am longing
 All thy peace and joy to know;
 Wilt thou grant those purer blessings
 All the world can ne'er bestow?

CHO.

3 Precious Jesus, I am clinging
 To the cross on which thou died;
 Help me, Saviour, help me quickly,
 Speak, and I am sanctified.

CHO.

4 Precious Jesus, I am trusting,
 Trusting in the crimson tide;
 Hallelujah, precious Jesus!

Now I feel thy blood applied.

CHO.

10

The Only Refuge.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

CHO.—I am trusting Lord in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me Jesus, save me now.

2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh receive my soul at last. CHO.

3 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me. CHO.

4 All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head.
With the shadow of thy wing. CHO.

5 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within. CHO.

6 Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart—
Rise to all eternity. CHO.

11 Look Away.

Look away, look away,
Look away to Calvary :
Look away, look away,
Look away to Calvary.

HYMN.—Behold the Saviour of mankind, &c.

12 The Blood of Jesus.

The blood of Jesus cleanses me,
Cleanses me, cleanses me :
The blood of Jesus cleanses me,
As soon as I believe.

HYMN.—There is a fountain filled with
blood, &c.

13 Why will You Doubt.

Why will you doubt him,
It was for you he died ;
See ! See ! the fountain,
Gushing from his side.
The poorest may partake of him,
And without money buy ;
The gospel call is free for all,
Then why should any die.

HYMN.—Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my sovereign die ;
Would he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I.

14 I will Sing for Jesus.

1 I will sing for Jesus,
With his blood he bought me;
And all along my pilgrim way
His loving hand has brought me.

CHO.—O ! help me sing for Jesus,
Help me tell the story
Of him who did redeem us,
The Lord of life and glory.

2 Can there overtake me
Any dark disaster,
While I sing for Jesus,
My blessed, blessed Master.
O ! help me sing, &c.

3 I will sing for Jesus !
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.
O ! help me sing, &c.

4 Still I'll sing for Jesus !
O ! how will I adore him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before him.
O ! help me sing, &c.

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Editor.

15

Let Me Go.

1 Let me go where the saints are going,
 To the mansions of the blest,
 Let me go where my Redeemer
 Has prepared his people's rest.
 I would gain the realms of brightness,
 Where they dwell forevermore,
 I would join the friends that wait me,
 Over on the other shore.

Let me go, 'tis Jesus calls me,
 Let me gain the realms of day,
 Bear me over, angel pinions,
 Longs my soul to be away.

2 Let me go where none are weary,
 Where is raised no wail of woe,
 Let me go and bathe my spirit,
 In the raptures angels know.
 Let me go, for bliss eternal,
 Lures my soul away, away,
 And the victor's song triumphant,
 Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.

CHO.

3 Let me go, why should I tarry?
 What has earth to bind me here?
 What but toils and cares and sorrows?
 What but death and pain and fear?
 Let me go, for hopes most cherished,
 Blasted round me often lie,
 O! I've gathered brightest flowers,
 But to see them fade and die.

CHO.

4 Let me go where tears and sighing ;
Are forevermore unknown,
Where the joyous songs of glory,
Call me to a happier home.
Let me go—I'd cease this dying,
I would gain life's fairer plains,
Let me join the myriad harpers,
Let me chant their rapturous strains. CHO.

16 They're Coming Home.

1 The day has come, the joyful day,
At last the day has come,
When saints and angels joy display,
O'er sinners coming home ;
They're coming home, they're coming home ;
Praise God, they're coming home !
The holy angels do rejoice,
O'er sinners coming home.

2 Then, saints of God, fresh courage take,
Be strong in conquering prayer ;
The hosts of hell with terror shake,
While God displays his power.
They're coming home, &c.

3 Through all the region 'round about,
The news has swiftly flown,
That sinners, deep in guilt, have sought
And found, what others spurn.
They're coming home, &c.

4 Backsliders, too, begin to view,
What traitors they have been ;

Confessing, ask, "What shall we do?"
 To free the heart from sin.
 They're coming home, &c.

5 Come, brethren, sisters, never stop,
 But in the front appear;
 And tidings, blessed tidings, drop,
 The broken heart to cheer.
 They're coming home, &c.

17 Reconciliation.

My soul now is reconciled,
 Praise God, praise God:
 My soul now is reconciled,
 Thro' Christ, the Lamb of God.

HYMN.—I'm glad that I was born to die, &c.

18 Free Grace.

O, hallelujah, grace is free;
 There's enough for you, and enough
 for me,
 There's enough forevermore.

HYMN.—I'm glad that I was born to die, &c.

19 I Love the Lord.

I love the Lord, for he first loved me,
 And he died upon the cross, to save me.

HYMN.—Jesus my all to heaven is gone.

20

The Old, Old Story.

1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true ;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.

CHO.—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story,
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all the golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me ;
And that is just the reason,
Itell it now to thee.
I love to tell, &c.

3 I love to tell the story,
'Tis pleasant to repeat ;
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story—
For some have never heard

The message of salvation,
From God's own holy word.
I love to tell, &c.

I love to tell the story,
With earnest tones—and grave,
I love to tell the sinner,
That Jesus came to save.
I love to tell the story,
Where ever I may be.
I love to tell the story,
That Jesus set me free.
I love to tell, &c.

I love to tell the story,
For those who love it best,
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY,
That I have loved so long.
I love to tell, &c.

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22 Singing for Jesus.

- 1 Singing for Jesus, singing for Jesus,
Trying to serve him wherever I go ;
Pointing the lost to the way of saivation—
This be my mission, a pilgrim below.
When in the strains of my country I mingle,
When to exalt her my voice *I* would raise ;
'Tis for his glory whose arm is her refuge,
Him would *I* honor, his name would *I*
praise.
- 2 Singing for Jesus glad hymns of devotion,
Lifting the soul on her pinions of love ;
Dropping a word or a thought by the way-
side,
Telling of rest in the mansions above.
Music may soften where language would
fail us,
Feelings long buried 'twill often restore,
Tones that were breathed from the lips of
departed,
How we revere them when they are no
more!
- 3 Singing for Jesus, my blessed Redeemer,
God of the pilgrims, for thee *I* will sing ;
When o'er the billows of time *I* am wafted,
Still with thy praise shall eternity ring.
Glory to God for the prospect before me,
Soon shall my spirit transported ascend ;
Singing for Jesus, O blissful employment,
Loud hallelujahs that never will end.

23 Sweet By-and-By.

1 There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we may see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
And will give us a dwelling place there.

CHO.—In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious song of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more;
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

CHO.—In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall sing on that beautiful shore.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

CHO.—In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall praise on that beautiful shore.

4 And when all our sorrows are o'er,
And the toils of this life are all past,
We'll shout on that beautiful shore,
Hallelujah, we're safe home at last.

CHO.—In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall shout on that beautiful shore.

Touchstone.

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Faith is weak in all I do;
You that love the Lord, indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?
- 4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 5 Could I joy with saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?
- 6 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art the people's sun;
Shine upon the work of grace,
If it be, indeed, begun.
- 7 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;

If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

25 Pilgrims Song.

1 While wandering to and fro,
In this wide world of woe,
Where streams of sorrow flow,
I'm on my journey home.

CHO.—Tho' a pilgrim here in the wilderness,
My heart is filled with perfect peace;
And I'm happy in redeeming grace,
For I am going home.

2 When tears o'erflow mine eye,
When pressed, by grief, I sigh,
Still this shall be my cry,
I am on my journey home.

CHO.

3 When to the mercy seat,
I go my Lord to meet,
My heart shall still repeat,
I am on my journey home.

CHO.

4 And when my faith is tried,
In Jesus I'll confide,
And all the storms outride,
I am on my journey home.

CHO.

5 Tho' strength and friends should fail,
And foes my soul assail,
Thro' Jesus I'll prevail,
I am on my journey home.

CHO.

7 When at the judgment seat,
I stand at Jesus' feet;
When worlds on worlds shall meet,
O, then I'm almost home. CHO.

8 When heaven and earth shall flee,
When time shall cease to be,
Through all eternity,
I'll rest in peace at home. CHO.

Children's Meeting.

26 Who Shall Sing.

1 Who shall sing if not the children?
Did not Jesus die for them?
May they not, with other jewels?
Sparkle in his diadem?

Why to them were voices given—
Bird-like voices, sweet and clear?
Why, unless the song of heaven
They begin to practice here.

2 There's a choir of infant songsters,
White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;
Angels cease, and waiting, listen!
Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own!
Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
When her ear is upward turned;
Is not this the same, perfected,
Which upon the earth they learned?

Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love;

And will he, to heaven returning,
 Faithless to his blessing prove ?
 Oh ! they cannot sing too early ;
 Father, stand not in their way !
 Birds do sing while day is breaking—
 Tell me then, why should not they ?

27 Come to the Saviour.

1 Come to the Saviour, make no delay
 Here in his word he's shown us the way ;
 Here in our midst he's standing to-day,
 Tenderly saying, " come."

CHO.—Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
 When from sin our hearts are pure
 and free ;
 And we shall gather, Saviour, with thee
 In our eternal home.

2 " Suffer the children ! " Oh hear his voice,
 Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,
 And let us freely make him our choice ;
 Do not delay, but come. CHO.

3 Think once again, he's with us to-day ;
 Heed now, his blest commands, and obey ;
 Hear now, his accents, tenderly say :
 Will you, my children, come ?" CHO.

4 O, we are coming, Saviour, to-day ;
 Meet us and save us—show us the way ;
 O, we are coming without delay ;
 Saviour, we come, we come. CHO.

28

We are Coming.

1 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
We hear thy gentle voice ;
We would be thine forever,
And in thy love rejoice.

CHO.—We are coming, we are coming,
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
We are coming, we are coming,
We hear thy gentle voice.

2 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To meet that happy band,
And sing with them forever,
And in thy presence stand. CHO.

3 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house we see—
A glorious mansion ever
For children young as we. CHO.

4 We are coming, blessed Saviour
That happy home is ours ;
If here we gain thy favor,
We'll reach those fragrant bowers.
CHO.

5 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To crown our Jesus King,
And then with angels ever
His praises we will sing. CHO.

29

Jesus Loves Me.

1 *Jesus loves me! this I know,*
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to him belong,
'They are weak, but he is strong.

CHO.—*Yes, Jesus loves me,*
Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

2 *Jesus loves me! he who died,*
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

3 *Jesus loves me! loves me still,*
'Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

4 *Jesus loves me! he will stay*
Close beside me all the way;
If I love him, when I die
He will take me home on high.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

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30 Sound the Jubilee.

1 When I was down in Egypt's Land,
I heard the Saviour was at hand.

 The midnight cry was sounding,

 And I wanted to be free ;

 So I left the world of Satan,

 To sound the jubilee. *Repeat.*

2 Some said that I had better stay

And go with them in their old way ;

 But they scoffed at my Lord's coming,

 With them I could not agree ;

 So I left my old companions,

 To sound the jubilee.

3 And soon I joined a Christian band,

Who'd just come out from Egypt's land.

 They were on their way to Canaan,

 A blest praying company ;

 And with them I'm proclaiming,

 The coming jubilee.

4 They call us now a noisy crew,

And say, they hope we'll soon fall through ;

 But we now are growing stronger,

 Both in love and unity,

 Since we left the world and Satan,

 To sound the jubilee.

5 Tho' opposition waxes strong ;

But, still, the battle wont be long,

For the happy time is coming,
When from sorrow we'll be free ;
Then before the throne in glory,
We'll sound the jubilee.

6 The battle is not to the strong,
The weak may sing the conqueror's song.
" I've been through the fiery furnace,"
And no harm was found in me ;
I came out with the evidence,
We're near the jubilee.

7 If Satan comes to tempt your minds,
Then meet him with these precious lines :
Saying, " Get behind me, Satan,
I have nought to do with thee,
I have got my soul converted ;
And, I'll sound the jubilee."

8 A little longer here below,
Then home to glory we will go :
I believe it, I believe it,
Hallelujah, I am free
From all sectarian prejudice ;
I'll sound the jubilee.

9 When to that blessed world we rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
There the wicked cannot enter
To disturb our harmony,
But we'll sing and shout forever,
And sound the jubilee.

31 **Christian Re-union.**

1 Soldiers in the ranks of Jesus,
Workers in the field of grace,
Preachers of our blessed gospel,
Welcome to this sacred place.

Cho.—What an hour of holy transport.
God is in our midst to-day!
Praise the Lord this happy union,
How it cheers us on our way.

2 Some are here whose locks betoken
Years of watching toil and care;
Others in the prime of manhood,
Just begin the cross to bear. *Cho.*

3 Tell us, brethren, are you planting
Goodly seed on fertile ground?
Is the glorious work progressing,
Does the fruit of joy abound. *Cho*

4 Do not think of earthly trials,
With your crown of life in view;
Though afflicted, bear it meekly,
Jesus bled and died for you. *Cho.*

5 Tho' you sometimes feel discouraged,
And your labor seems in vain,
Look to God, and seek his blessing,
He will bring the promised rain. *Cho.*

6 Patient, then, be persevering,
Soon your mission will be o'er ;
Through the glass of hope, tho' darkly,
You can see the other shore. *Cho.*

32 Over There.

1 O, think of a home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

Cho.—Over there, over there,
O, think of a home over there.

2 O, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

Cho.—Over there, over there,
O, think of the friends over there.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

Cho.—Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see ;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

Cho.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

33 Campmeeting Farewell.

1 Farewell, dear friends, I must be gone,
I have no home or stay with you ;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I my heaven view.

CHO.—Farewell, brothers,* here's my part-
ing hand,
Here we must part to meet again
In heaven above, where all is love ;
There we shall never part,
No, nevermore.

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal cares or bliss ;
I leave you here and travel on
To go where Jesus is. CHO.

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love ;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
We soon shall meet above. CHO.

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heaven
You've counted all things here but dross,
The crown will soon be given. CHO.

5 Farewell, poor, careless sinner, too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here,
Eternal vengeance waits for you,
O, find salvation near. CHO.

* or Sisters.

34 O, the Blood.

O, the blood, the precious blood,
That Jesus shed for me
Upon the cross, in crimson flood,
Just now by faith I see.

HYMN.—There is a fountain filled with
blood, &c.

35 Going Home.

Going home, going home, going home,
We are going home to God.

HYMN.—I'm glad that I was born to die,
Going home to God;
From grief and woemy soul shall fly,
Going home to God.

36 My Choice.

I'd rather be the least of all,
Who are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
Or sit upon the throne.

HYMN.—Am I a soldier of the cross, &c.

37 Consecration.

All I have I leave for Jesus,
I am counting all but dross;
I am coming to the master,
I am clinging to the cross.

Clinging, clinging, clinging to the cross.

HYMN.—Come thou fount of every blessing.

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